Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyse, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good *Simonides*

*King.* To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

*King.* Sir, you are Musicks master.

*Per.* The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)

*King.* Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?

*Per.* A most vertuous Princesse.

*King.* And shee's faire too, is she not?

*Per.* As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.

*King.* Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

*Per.* I am vnworthy to be her schoole-master.

*King.* She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.

*Per.* What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

*King.* Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

*Per.* By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought





Of mine leuy offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.

*King.* Traitor, thou lyest.

*Per.* Traitor?

*King.* I, traitor.

*Per.* Euen in his throate, vnlesse it be a King,
That cals me traitor, I returne the lye.

*King.* Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prooue, hee's honours enemie.

*King.* No? here comes my daughter, she can witnesse it.

*Enter Thaisa.*

*Per.* Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made loue to you?

*Thai.* Why sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?

*King.* Yea mistris, are you so peremptoy?
I am glad of it with all my heart, *Aside.*
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in subiection.
Will you, not hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know, *Aside.*
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in blood as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistresse, eyther frame
Your will to mine; and you sir, heare you,
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you———
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: and being ioynd,